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# LATIN SCHOOL



# Register

VOL. LVIII

JANUARY, 1939

NO. 3

H. A. BEATSON



# Warren Kay Vantine Studios



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR  
CLASS OF 1939



**160 Boylston Street  
Boston, Mass.**

# The Register

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VOL. LVIII.

JANUARY

No. 3

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1939

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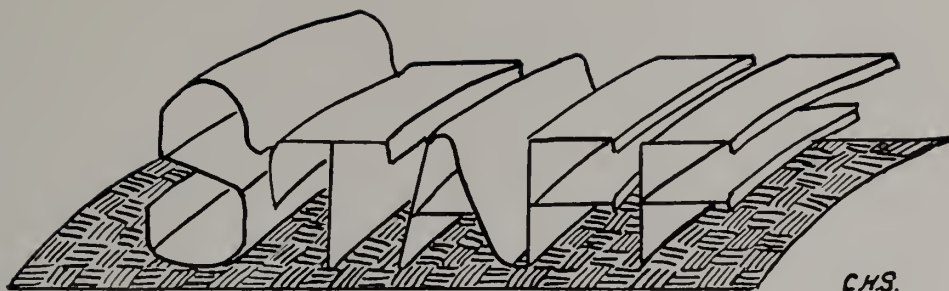
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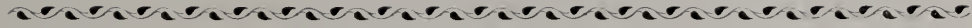
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The Register Staff extends to the  
faculty and the student body its best  
wishes for a happy and a successful  
New Year.



# A CHANGE AND AN APOLOGY

We regret to announce that, owing to the pressing duties of his office as President of the Senior Class, Russell Robinson, our Editor-in-Chief for the first two issues, reluctantly resigned his position. He can no longer give the time and energy necessary for the successful management of the *Register*. His many friends in the student body will be happy to know that his literary efforts will continue to add sparkle and humor to the magazine.

The very nature of such a step has, of course, caused no little confusion in the processes of publication. The new Editor-in-Chief is faced with a huge task, but he brings willingness to work to his new position. That experience, which is so necessary to bring out a smooth and well-written product, there has been no time to gain.

We therefore feel constrained to offer an apology for whatever weaknesses you may find in this issue. I hope that the student body will reserve judgment and wait for coming issues.

Before we take over the responsibilities of office, certain salient points come to mind which we believe worthy of comment. There has been in the school for some time now a mass of misinformation, relative to the process of publishing this magazine. Let me first make this process quite clear. This magazine is not an independent student publication. It is the official organ of the school, and as such is subject to the jurisdiction of the school authorities. It is only right that this should be so. But there has been a feeling that the subject-matter of the magazine is controlled by the faculty, and that, in consequence, this is not a student publication.

Let me sketch briefly the process through which contributions go. Your Article is submitted to Mr. Marson in Room 235, who is the faculty advisor. He will either accept the material, or reject it on the following grounds, and these only: (1)—The quality of the work, and (2)—its propriety. He rejects material on this broad basis, excluding that material which is impossible to justify from any reasonable point of view. He then passes it, with his "O. K." on it to the editor-in-chief, *who accepts it or rejects it as he sees fit*. Read that sentence again. What goes into this magazine is the concern of the editor-in-chief, and him alone. The material submitted to the editor-in-chief by Mr. Marson is much more than will ever see print. Therefor all final censure or praise for the contents must necessarily fall on the editor-in-chief. Naturally the later confers with his chief assistants and asks their opinion on possible material. Every consideration is given your contribution. The procedure is democratic and entirely reasonable.

The other and equally important point I wish to discuss is the how, why, and who of the *Register* staff. First, those persons, whose contributions appear with unflagging regularity each month usually are on the staff. Whatever re-organization of the staff there is to be made will be made solely on previous performances and present contributions.

In closing, I solicit the co-operation of the staff and the student body. Let's make this year's *Register* the best ever.

*Robert J. P. Donlan*

# IN COMMENDATION

It affords Latin School much gratification to see how well her sons do in every field of endeavor. But when those sons who have risen to prominence in their chosen professions take time to do something in a tangible way for the old school, then it gives us further evidence that Latin School tradition and spirit are not myths but living, breathing realities.

Perhaps no other graduate in the last quarter century has attracted more national and international attention than the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy. Displaying a brilliance seldom equalled in business circles, he took charge of one enterprise after another in the Roosevelt Administration with phenomenal success crowning his achievements by taking the senior diplomatic post in the Department of State, the ambassadorship to England.

A few weeks ago, Mr. Kennedy rushed back to America in the "Queen Mary" to report to his chief, the President. Bearing disturbing news on the foreign situation, Mr. Kennedy had good cause to forget all outside considerations. And yet, literally between trains, he, took time to explain his part as a Latin School boy in providing a fitting memorial to the late lamented Patrick T. Campbell.

Here was a manifestation of the spirit of Latin School at its best. His time taken up as it was nevertheless Mr. Kennedy remembered his *Alma Mater*. The world has heaped praise on Ambassador Kennedy and the nation has showed its appreciation of his genius, but here at Latin School, we shall remember Mr. Kennedy as a graduate who didn't forget.

*Robert J. P. Doulan*

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# AN EARNEST APPEAL

Over three hundred years of existence should develop a colossal amount of school spirit. Today, we, the Business staff direct an earnest appeal to you to give some thought to advertising. Undoubtedly you are all aware of the fact that, to a large extent, the financial success of a magazine like the *Register* depends upon its advertising. If the different classrooms, especially the lower ones, would purchase "Room Spirit Ads" from the *Register's* advertising agents, the result would be an increased income for the *Register*. To date there have been no room "ads." Which room will be the first?

*William A. Shue, '39*

# BIG SHOT

Rand Manning, '41

Marty Hunter was on the team. Even more than that, Marty Hunter was good! I used to go out to the pond on Friday afternoons to watch him practice on the ice. This was "page one" sports material, and there was no doubt about it. The rest of the team knew it too. Why, the whole school basked in the glory light that Marty kindled when he sent the little puck into the fish net to chalk up more points and often a win for *Alma Mater*. There was something about his form that no one on the frozen water could imitate. The way he held the stick, the dervish whirls as he spun around for position had a grace that Sonja Henie would envy. A high school senior who had every chance of outshining the bright lights of the Bruins some day, he wasn't without an admiring flock of "kibitzers." I was one of them, and we used to stand there and marvel at him. Often we would take a slide around the pool on our skates only the more to appreciate this "Idol of the Ice," as Bill Strem, the sports-writer called him.

Strem's articles in the "Journal," which were all in praise of "Marty," helped to bring out the snappy gallery for the interschool matches. The starry-eyed damsel from G. L. S. was always there. I wondered if she cared who won or lost as long as he was out there on the glass expanse, sliding along. There was "Tommy" Roberts, too. He was a little boy who put more lung-power into cheers for "Marty" Hunter than was every heard even in the fiercest Public Dec. "Tommy" had just entered the school last fall and, in most approved fashion, had started a private hero-worship campaign with Hunter as the direct object of praise. The little fellow admitted that he was "just nuts about that guy." Why, if "Marty" tapped a puck over in the direction of East Burlap, missing the goal by

yards, I think "Tommy" felt like crying about it. I remember one day when the black pill did get batted into the bushes that the little fellow went chasing after it. When he brought it back and held it out to "Marty," he was smiling all over. The "Idol" gave him a snappy "thanks" and went gliding off to the center of the ice. But "Tommy" just stood there and figured "how swell it must be to be a big shot!"

As it comes to all stars, sometimes in easy, often in harsh attacks, conceit was seen breaking out in "Marty" Hunter. That the school's games hinged about him, that his presence guaranteed a large crowd, and that he was becoming deified in the school "mag." all contributed to this eruption. No longer was he "not so sure he could do it." He knew he could. His ears were closing to the congratulations of student pals and opening to those of sports-writers. Everybody was aware of this change, but there was nothing anyone could do. I think that the only one who didn't appear to notice any difference was little "Tommy" Roberts. There wasn't a practice day that went by that he wasn't out there cheering and hero-worshipping.

But came the practice day when "Marty" didn't show up for the work-out. The coach figured he must have been pretty sick to miss, but the drill went on, anyway. That was only the overture to what was to come. Still another practice day slipped out in darkness, and still no Marty Hunter. I had seen him both those days in school, here he just seemed to be walking on clouds.

Down by the pond one day "Tommy" spoke to me. He asked me if "Marty" were truly getting "struck on himself" and if he thought he was too good to practice with them, as some of the fellows had said. I could see that the "kid"

was feeling down about all this, and I tried to cheer him up as best I could. But there isn't much a boy can do when he feels that the hero he's praising ought to be punctured to let the swelling down. The young one was faithful to the team and kept on cheering, even though the yells were on the tinny side and light in the eye had faded. I felt more sorry for "Tommy," I'm sure, than for the swell-headed "Idol of the Ice."

Strem, the "Journal's" sportswriter, had picked our school team to win the Education Day Classic, basing his predictions on "Marty" Hunter's work during the season. I think everything would have gone as smoothly as strawberry shortcake if Marty hadn't stayed away from the practice grounds so long.

The coach was boiling under his muffler when, on the last day for workouts before the big game, the sun set with not a trace of Hunter in view. Someone had seen him practicing on skates, and he told the coach about it. It was on the Public Gardens pond with the damsel from G. L. S.

"Tommy" went along in the car with our gang of rooters for the game. He was telling how well Marty had played during the season and demonstrating his tricks from the gear-shift to the back-window. He knew the repertoire from A to Z. If he did win the game for us, we'd be glad; but it would only help to swell him up a little bit more.

I could have fallen through when I saw what the coach had decided. Our team of stalwarts slithered out on the glassy field resplendent with uniforms and confident of its supremacy as a "shark" with a report card. But something was wrong. "Tommy" saw it first. Where was Marty? Under the paddings and jerseys of the skaters was the team and under the blanket on the bench was Hunter. The crowd was wondering what it was all about but figured the coach knew what he was doing, and the game began.

Things weren't going so well when the

scorekeeper took inventory, and our stands weren't taking it lightly either. I didn't notice until a bit later that Tommy was down talking with the coach. He was arguing with him the way I'd seen students quibble their hearts out for a few points in French. The game went on, but as far as our chances were concerned, the jig seemed up. Nobody knew this any better than the coach, but he had a plan in mind and refused to swerve from it. The stands began to give the old war cry "We want Hunter!" Ditto, Ditto, ad infinitum. But the coach held fast, to the bench and his decision. But with "Young Faithful" beating a drum solo of pleadings into his ears, he could hardly be impervious.

So Hunter went in. There wasn't much time left to play, and our crowd was moaning in disgust. Then silence reigned. Not a word was uttered. The crowd was spellbound with Hunter all over again. Even the starry-eyed sweetness from G. L. S. was wrapped in wonderment as those flashing blades caught the rays of the setting winter sun and sent them ricocheting off the stands. We were all for him. But there was a lead that the other fellows had that couldn't be beaten. Marty pitched in for all he was worth, but the fates seemed dead against us. Even the valiant charge they made near the finale didn't do the trick. Yet it was a thrill to see Hunter careen down the slippery rink, even though he ended draped about the goal as the game finished. We were leaving, trying to get out as quickly and quietly as possible after the defeat, when we saw little "Tommy" down on the ice untangling "Marty." But as "Marty" tried to skate off the pond, his right ankle buckled and he went down in a heap. The "Doc" hustled over, called it a fracture, and took Marty away in his car. "Tommy" went along, too.

There was plenty to talk about in school the next day. What did the coach think he was, anyway, a Sunday school teacher punishing "Marty" for his misdoings?

But as the affair simmered down and most of us got used to leaving by the school's side-door, not to meet our victorious rivals on the other street, we figured it must have been a pretty hard thing for the coach to do. Learning any good lesson is a hard thing to do. So the school sought its only salvation in the baseball team.

I saw "Marty" limping down the cor-

ridor on crutches the other day. He smiled and greeted me in the old Pre-game way. That was the true "Marty" Hunter back in the fold. He was on crutches, as I've said, and the little bright-faced lad carrying his books around for him was "Tommy" Roberts, who still had Marty set up in a niche as a little tin-god. But somehow, I thought, that's just what I might have done.

## THE PASSING OF ROOM 228

It was suddenly called to my attention the other day, that Room 228 had been closed for the last time. Swiftly informing a few chosen friends, I broke the sad news. Sombre faces paced the corridors. No longer did boisterous laughter and gaiety echo through the long corridors. Small knots of boys discussed the tragic occurrence in low voices. Certain spots in the corridors acquired the atmosphere of a funeral service. There was talk of black ties and crepe sashes. This feeling got somewhat out of hand as two grief-stricken seniors disputed the propriety of bow ties for mourning. Why this grief?

Why this grief? Why this woe? Oh, listen attentively, gentlemen, as I recall those happy days when room 228 was the center of activity of that much-discussed and now greatly decimated Class IV B. Indeed it was said about the building anent a certain article in these pages a few months ago that advice to IV B was wasted, for soon there would be no IV B at all. Oh, what has become of that stalwart group of men, the men of IV B. Where have they gone? Let us face the facts.

A cruel and inhuman examination has thinned their ranks, is killing off IV B men like a test the day after Hallowe'en. And if IV B goes, gentlemen, I for one shudder to think of the result. Consider the *Register*. Formerly the burden of its

jokes (?) fell equally upon Class IV B and Class VI. Must the little ones so dear to our hearts endure the crushing weight alone? And the class will, what must it do? The will, which always reserved a special place and a special joke (agin, *point d'interrogation*) for IV B. The principles of human kindness alone forbid such heartlessness. But while we still have the little darlings with us a shadow, 'tis true, of its former self—let us once more for the last time, perhaps, consider that example of IV B at its best, Room 228. (It took me a long time to get to the point; but somebody has got to fill this page, and we have neither jokes nor scrolls to cover the emptiness.)

Some forty odd (later proved *very odd*) boys inhabited that room for longer or shorter periods of time. Presiding over the room, Lord high reader of the Latin Daily Clarion-Times (the bulletins), and Grand High Sheriff of Discipline, Sole Dispenser of the Misdemeanor Mark, Keeper of the Chalk (not without success) and Hereditary Holder of the Magnifying Glass, for scrutinizing doubtful signatures on report cards was Mr. C. Q. McPennyfeather. Life was free and easy in those days; and "flunking" was not the exception, but the dictate of fashion, than whom there is no sterner judge.

Little did the fledglings know of the

inner mysteries and the secret rites of *Scholae Latinae Bostoniensis*, but the celerity with which they imbibed knowledge was truly amazing. Such extracurricular activities as the "Gyp Sheet," "The Palmed Formula," and "The Barricade" were assiduously cultivated. This statement may mystify some, but let me add a word of explanation gained by observation, not experience. I hasten to say.

It being announced from usually reliable sources that a short test is to take place on a certain date, the prospective candidate appears prepared on the appointed date. At the command, "Books closed," no one more conspicuously performs this task than our friend. As the master turns to the board, chalk in hand, he hastily erects on the front of his desk a profusion of books topped with a briefcase. These books are arranged in a manner similar to that of the famed "Hindenburg Line." By crouching down behind the double protection of the boy in front of him and the barricade, our hero gaily starts the test, refreshing his memory with "gyp" sheets. For obvious reasons the more intimate details of this device are not given.

To continue this gala tale of the nefarious activities of this group would take much more space and time. Suffice it to say that but three members of that gallant crew of forty are now in Class One. That's a batting average of .075. Crime does not pay (at least, not for the other thirty-seven.) Was I in that room? Yes. Am I in Class One now? Yes. The answer to the next question is "no," most emphatically not.

There was one other event of that hectic year that is worthy of mention. Let it now be known for the first time. Although the *Register* never knew it, there was a thriving, newsy, excellent little newspaper printed in Room 228, bearing at various times the titles of "The Voice of 228," and "The 228 Man." The sole producer, editor, and printer (with pencil) of this great organ of the press was

the gentleman whose name is affixed to the bottom of this article.

This miniature *New York Times* conducted a room election and teachers' popularity contest, A Movie Review Column and a Joke Column, which though I do not recall, I am sure was the equal of the corresponding department of a certain other well-known publication. Not confining its efforts and ever expanding its influence and subscription, "The Voice of 228" emerged with a serial far superior to such epics as "Hairbreadth Harry," and "The Perils of Pauline." Ever practicing economy, the frugal editor used to write chapters of this enthralling story on alternate sides of the paper. Inasmuch as the paper was pinned to the wall, it was merely necessary to turn it over the following week. Mr. McPennyfeather was an admirable censor. Unlike certain other censors (in other publications) (Censored), he never deleted a single line. The sudden demise of the paper was caused by no lack of interest or subscribers, but solely by "writer's cramp."

Who knows what might have happened if it had continued to live? Perhaps there would have been a great schism in the Latin School—one-half of the school standing with the *Register*, the other with "The Voice of 228." But then again; there is but one Mr. Weners. Could the "228 Man" have survived without the presiding genius of the sage of Room 116? That is indeed a moot point. But "The Voice of 228" developed a sore throat and soon died, and the *Register* continues to live. The difference between peace and war in the Latin School was nothing more than a severe case of "writer's cramp." By such small incidents is history made.

But now Room 228 is closed. Now the dust settles thickly on the desk, where once the busy scratch of pen on paper gave evidence that the Muse of learning resided there. What a find for archaeologists centuries hence as they stumble among the ruins of the Louis Pasteur

Building (by that time we shall be in Robinson's School of the Future—see Cover of October issue). How astonished will they be to discover in cracks of desks and in the walls little pieces of paper inscribed thus: "The square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal,

etc., etc. Perhaps a new Rosetta stone must be discovered before they will be able to understand that. And so, farewell to Room 228.

*Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.*

*Robert J. P. Donlan*

---

## A BROKEN PROMISE

He was brought back to reality by an icy blast of wind which seemed to chill the very marrow of his bones. As he stumbled along, his knees buckled under him, and he fell again and again. Whenever he was on the ground, the wind almost covered him with snow. But he fought frantically against the enemy which his frenzied brain personified. He laughed when a strong gust failed to throw him down; and with his eyes glued to the never-ending wheel tracks, he kept on. Suddenly, he realized that the tracks were not so deep as they had been before. The wagon was gaining on him, leaving him behind!

But the raging wind gave him no time for contemplation. Like a merciless tyrant, it whipped its regiments of swirling snowflakes into line and drove them with ever-increasing fury at this bit of mortal flesh, which dared defy its mighty power. It shrilled exultantly as if it already had its quarry at bay; and in a mighty crescendo it sang its song of hate. The blizzard, like some medieval torturer, delighted in tormenting its helpless victim. It drove its cruel, bullet-like missiles into his eyes and ears; it stung his already bleeding face; it even took his very breath away, leaving him gasping for air.

The wagon tracks were almost invisible now. The snow seemed to concentrate on those two thin lines as if it wished to wipe out this defacement of nature's beauty.

It was only two years ago that "Johnny" Martin said to his sister, "I've got to leave, Mary. Perhaps I can get a job in the city, and then you wouldn't have to work so hard to support us. Explain it to Mother; she wouldn't understand if I told her. I promise that I'll be back in just—two years from today."

Two years later, Johnny started back to the farm. He had not been successful in the city; and, sick and disillusioned, he had to return on foot. When he was only a day's journey away, a sudden snow-storm arose. A few hours later the countryside was covered with a thick, white blanket. Johnny, weak and hungry, stumbled knee-deep in snow along the lonely country road, his shoulders hunched against the raging wind. His bleeding feet protruded through torn shoes, and he winced at every step.

Suddenly he noticed some wagon tracks turning in the road. They must have been made shortly before. He strained his eyes to see farther ahead, but the driving snow veiled the road from him.

As he tried to overtake the wagon, "Johnny" fixed his eyes on the two wheel-tracks. They were like two life lines pulling him to a friendly shelter and a kindly hand. They reminded him of the horse and wagon that he used to drive as a boy. Pleasant memories of home and the warm fireside pervaded his benumbed mind.

As Johnny watched them filling in, as the wagon moved farther and farther away, simultaneously, all hope of ever seeing his sister again was driven farther and farther from his mind.

A swirling column of wind, its vortex hungrily sucking up the resisting snowflakes, hovered close by as if waiting to devour this man who was so bold as to challenge its sovereignty. It seemed to direct the battle against him, and it moved ever nearer the restless spirit of the blizzard—threatening, menacing.

“Johnny” Martin’s face grew white; his hands grew numb. What the wind had failed to do, its silent ally, cold, was accomplishing. His eyes were blurred. Each snowflake lost its individuality and became part of an impenetrable, white fog—a soft, inviting haze, beckoning him to oblivion. The wind lost its angry note and crooned a soft, far-away lullaby. The gnawing pain in his limbs ceased,

and a delicious feeling of warmth crept over him. He sank to the ground, resisting no longer. Still his dimming eyes were fixed on those vanishing wagon tracks; and as they were obliterated by a final effort of the driving snow, his tensed muscles relaxed, only to contract again with the stiffness of death.

\* \* \*

Ten minutes later the wagon stopped before a lonely farmhouse. A young girl threw down the reins; waded dejectedly through the deep snow toward the house, and knocked hesitatingly on the door. It opened with a promptness which testified to the anxious hand that was on the other side. The girl confronted a bowed, gray-haired old lady, who looked anxiously into her face.

“I’ve just come from the station, Mother,” said Mary Martin sadly. “He wasn’t on this train. He didn’t keep his promise.”

*Daniel L. Grosser*

---

## SONG OF JOY

Awake from dreams of pleasure  
To greet the dawn of day;  
Awake to claim the treasure  
Which shall not fade away.  
For love brings joys undying,  
Wild dreams that end in sighing,  
Soft echoes faintly crying,  
Blue skies which once were gray.

No longing for tomorrow,  
No moaning for the past,  
Joy will not hear of sorrow;  
Be gay, the sun sets fast!

And Youth, with dark eyes shining,  
Turns West and knows no pining,  
While clouds of silver lining  
Vow that his joy shall last.

Night winds sweep woods forsaken,  
Night echoes die away;  
Strange murmurings awaken,  
And Youth kneels low to pray.  
And One with love unending,  
All hope and joy transcending,  
Smiles at the bliss impending,  
And turns the night to day.

*Max J. Bulian, '39*

# EXPERIMENT AGAINST DOOM

*Russell Robinson, '39*

## *—Synopsis—*

Dr. Hans Zayden, eccentric but brilliant scientist, has invented, after twenty years of research and labor, a ray that will turn back life. The Z-Ray, as it is named, is given a true test when a young couple, fatally injured in a crash outside Zayden's secluded laboratory, is subjected to its treatment. The scientist and his skeptical visitor, Dr. Rudolph Adler, await the results impatiently; but when Zayden finds the pair uninjured, the shock causes collapse. He is given a sleeping powder by Adler, who is now, the evening of the next day, nervously awaiting developments. . . .

Never before in the fifty years of his uneventful life had Rudolph Adler spent such a day. A full two packages of cigarettes trampled underfoot told the story. A surgeon must have "iron nerves" . . . but one of the world's greatest surgeons couldn't stand seven hours of silence, of waiting, of stark suspense! For a while he had endeavored to calm himself by making periodic entries into his journal of case histories—but the entries never changed: "The patients seem to be in no pain. They are in a deep, comatic slumber. Pallor and slow pulse of few hours ago are gradually being supplanted by a mounting flush and quickening heart-beat. Return to consciousness but a matter of time. . . ." It was always "a matter of time," and time itself was fraying Adler's nerves. The sun was now an orange glow on the horizon, and with its decline another night approached. The grim prospect of twelve more hours of gloomy, foreboding silence and expectancy faced him, and at the thought of it he shuddered involuntarily. "Good Lord!" he muttered to himself, as he mounted the creaking stairs to Zayden's room, "How much

of a dose did I put into that man?" The hallway was dimly lit by the reflection of the setting sun, and as he opened the chamber door Adler was shocked by an alarming thought: What if he had given the scientist an overdose of the sleeping potion? That would mean death! And with his weak heart, Zayden could not stand even a mild strain without serious complications. Supposing last night had been too much for him? Who would believe that a great doctor had erred fatally in mixing a simple sleeping powder? Wouldn't it look as though he had committed murder, in order to claim the ray for himself?

"Well, *well!*" the familiar cackle sounded as he peered into the darkness of the room. "How are they, eh? For Heaven's sakes man, don't stand there gawking. Go find my dressing gown—I must get downstairs at once. What time is it, anyway?"

Relieved, Adler helped the impatient Zayden with his robe, and reassured him meanwhile that nothing was wrong. With a grin he listened to the gasping oaths that greeted his announcement of the time—and the date. Together the two hurried downstairs and into the little room of miracles. With a swift, professional attitude, Zayden rolled up the boy's torn crimson sleeve and bared his elbow. Then, fetching a needle from the next room, he prepared a hypodermic and injected it into the bloodstream. With the girl he performed the same operation; then he stood silently, his jaw moving in a gesture of impatience. The shadows had fallen. Except for this room, the house was in ghostly gloom. Suddenly the youth began to breathe heavily; his eyelids flickered, and then opened. Staring blankly, he attempted to raise himself,

but fell back after a weak effort. "How do you feel?" Zayden whispered hoarsely, his face feverish with excitement. But the boy only looked at him, uncomprehending. A wave of pity shot over Adler. Here, after twenty years, was the climax of his labors. How ironic that Fate should grant them their lives—but take their minds! For that is certainly what seemed to have happened. The girl made no sign of awakening intelligence. For a speechless minute Zayden stood still, his shoulders slumped in despair. Then he turned heavily, and walked into the next room. With a bitter glance at the white trays and glistening rows of test tubes, he passed to the living-room and slumped into the big chair by the fireplace. The embers, dying slowly, glowed a faint pink in the surrounding darkness of the room. "Better to let him alone with his thoughts," Adler reflected, and stopped on the threshold of the room. He walked to the window and gazed soberly out into the night. His mind ran aimlessly for a while, but then snapped to attention as he became conscious of slow footsteps behind him. Whirling, he saw the grotesque figure of the tattered, mud-stained youth, pacing like a somnabulist toward Zayden's chair. The scientist looked up at the advancing figure, rose, and cried, "Do you hear me? Can't you understand? Answer me, will you? Answer me!" His face distorted, he grasped the boy's shoulders and shook him cruelly. But the mute, helpless look made Zayden drop his arms in a weary gesture of futility. "He doesn't understand. It's true. I'm a failure—a failure after twenty years! My God!" His body, racked with sobs of despair, he sank back—a broken, pitiful figure. In the hall the clock chimed eight times with melancholy tone, and in the fireplace the last red ember faltered, flickered for a brief second, and died.

. . . . .  
"April 11th—3rd day: patients in good health. No sign of any adverse effects

resulting from recent injuries. A curious event which I feel is essential to case history follows: the two have yet to speak, though they are quite rationed in the respect that they conduct themselves normally—the girl performing many household tasks, and the boy taking an interest in carpentry (which points to this as his former occupation). But though each, until today, has been living in a world of his own, they seemed conscious of each other in a strange sort of way. The young man was diffident, backward, in her presence, and she seemed very self-conscious and was visibly affected by his proximity. This seems to indicate that—but perhaps I am reporting only a triviality."

"April 16th—8th day: Condition still normal. For the first time today they *spoke*. Their conversation, very formal as if just introduced, seems to reveal that they are in possession of almost all their faculties, except that mysterious lapse that makes them oblivious of our presence. The boy's name is Robert—I did not catch the last name. The girl called herself Cynthia. Dr. Zayden was delighted over what he called their 'progress.' But there is some mysterious property in the Z-Ray that blots out memory. He has been working constantly upon animal subjects, seeking to remedy the defect. So far he has not been in the least successful."

"May 2nd—24th day: The two have become very friendly. Their conversation shows a marked difference in social position. For though the boy, Robert, is polite and gentlemanly, both his vocabulary and his bearing show him to be from a lower plane than she. He handles tools remarkably well, and undoubtedly was a mechanic or carpenter before the crash. . . . But in that case how does it happen that the two were found together beside the wreck of an expensive car—with the boy at the wheel?"

"May 19th—41st day: I believe I

have found the solution. On one of my infrequent visits to the town nearby I bought several papers. In the Herald-Tribune I read the following: 'Police of Butte, Montana, report that a young woman suffering from amnesia has been found who answers to the description of the missing heiress, Cythia Colton of New York City. Miss Colton has been strangely missing since April 9. Parker Colton, her father, is flying westward to complete identification. Beyond a doubt this girl is the heiress. But what were the two doing in this section, one so secluded that even the wreckage of the car has not yet been discovered?'

"July 17th—100th day: I am frankly

puzzled and alarmed at Zayden's actions. He is unusually brutal to the poor boy, whose mental orbit he cannot penetrate. This morning he attempted to catch the girl's attention in a soft manner which developed into one of his not infrequent frenzies. The girl was frightened almost into hysteria, and when I endeavored to restrain Zayden, he gave me a queer, mad glance. I fear for the safety of these two helpless young people. And tonight Zayden suggested something which I am not recording—because I cannot bring myself to believe that he was rationally himself when he conceived it. The girl must be restored to her home—at once."

*(Continued next month)*

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## THE STEEPLE

That steeple pointing towards the sky,  
A sign of peace and rest,  
Stands out, alone and stately,  
In the skyline of the west.

The symbol of love and faith,  
A beacon in this age;  
A lighthouse built to guide  
While war and trouble rage.

A refuge for those in trouble,  
A haven for people in need,  
This steeple stands out, triumphant,  
As faith's deep-rooted seed.

In this world, with its crime and hate,  
Its chaos, its strife, and greed,

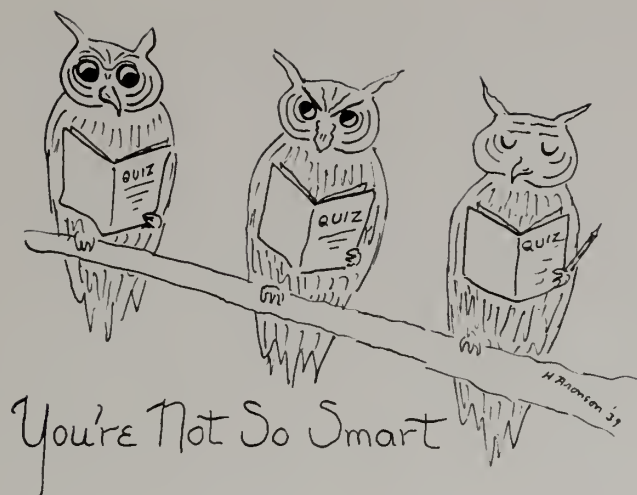
This steeple stands out—an oasis,  
The answer to what we need.

A nation with more of these emblems,  
These spires, so stately and tall,  
Will lessen the war and the strife—  
The oncoming day of its fall.

Without these spires, we're lost,  
In a maze of trouble and hate;  
So build a thousand more steeples  
Before you find it's too late.

But now the skyline is fading,  
The rays of the sun are gone.  
I hope that on the morrow  
New spires will greet the dawn.

*Stanley H. Davis, '39*



1. The Boston Latin School Sesqui-centennial (was) (will be) celebrated in what year?

1685      1785      2835      2235  
1985      1735      2055

2. In what year was the Register's Raving Reporter's column begun?

1920      1929      1931      1934  
1919      1936      1899

3. The Glee Club's Production last year was:

The Mikado  
The Pirates of Penzance  
Journey's End  
Pinafore  
Utopia Limited  
Abie's Irish Rose

4. The Motto of the Register is:

Veritas  
Haec in hoc libella continentur  
It has no motto  
Written so you can understand it  
Quality and Quantity

5. How many subjects are taught at B. L. S.?

15      9      11      10      13      20

6. Before he became headmaster, Mr. Powers taught:

Latin and Greek      English  
Mathematics      History

7. How many Latin School boys have been honored by U. S. Postage stamps bearing their names?

10      1      0      9      3      15

8. One of these statues does not appear in the school library:

The Dying Gaul  
Venus de Milo  
Aphrodite of Melas  
Zeus  
Discobolus

9. How many books are there in the school library?

25,000      1,500      7,000  
19,500      37,820      98,000

10. According to the census of 1930 Boston had how many inhabitants?

843,000      698,000      787,000  
1,020,000      999,000      504,000

# THE SEVENTH PERIOD

Russell Robinson, '39

Information for the weary senior (Sixth Classmen! Warning—*Do not read!!*). Of your six years in Latin School (humorously assuming that you took only six), which ends next June, you will have spent only three actual years on the premises. These, for statistics fiends, represents, 475 hours . . . but that's just a rough estimate. If you could have served your term in one stretch, working day and night, you'd have finished the equivalent of the six year course in seven months, two weeks, and three days — of *consecutive tuition!* In addition: if you spent three hours every night on the good old studies, you added up the staggering total of 3300 hrs. of extra work, thus consuming a four month, two weeks, and 3 days' supply of oil—Midnite brand. . . . In theory, then, you poured over books and recited for a year and six days' worth of time. But not in practice! No, because you had two periods a week of physical training and an hour a day of lunch and home-room period, thus slicing off quite a bit. So the net total *now* is nine months, three weeks and five days. To summarize: you were a Latin School student for six years, but spent roughly only 14 percent. of that time on curricular activities. So what? So you still have to go for six years. So what.

This writer wishes to extend his warmest congratulations to Bob Donlan, both on his ascension to the position of Editor-in-Chief, and upon winning the Grinnell Award. They are great honors of which he is certainly worthy.

You'll perhaps remember that last year's census, reported in the first issue, showed that the Cohens and the Murphys were the leaders in Latin School's population. They numbered

eighteen of each. Well, the 1938-39 census shows the following figures: the Cohens, after a weak start in the upper classes, staged a last minute spurt and shook off all opposition with a brilliant 20—two ahead of last year's record! The Murphy's, great starters always, and co-champs in '38, fell to 15 and were tied by the Sullivans. The Connollys' were fourth with 11, followed by the Caseys', Millers', and Whites', one behind. These *are* the seven families of B. L. S., so show each one the proper respect—especially a member of the reigning House of Cohens. Incidentally (and seriously, too) why don't these clans get together and form clubs? It should be quite an interesting proposition, with Coats-of-Arms, officers, social affairs, etc. . . . We're willing to give them lots of support in this column.

Those answers that dented your batting averages are: 1. The last three Public Dec. winners were Norman A. Ober, '36, Charles Stepanian, '37, and Russell Robinson, '38). 2. Last five headmasters: Messrs. Powers, Campbell, Pennypacker, Fiske and Merrill. 3. If you string along with Shue, what'll you be? Why, a Shue-string, of course! (That's a lacing pun, eh?)

Apologium: we should have given Mr. James Aloysius Stanislaus Callanan credit for having the longest name, rather than Mr. McGuffin. Sorry. . . .

Now for this month's batch—a preponderance of puzzling problems personified: (1) Name the Presidents of any three B. L. S. clubs. (2) How many *different* subjects is it possible to take during a six year course? (3) Name ten teachers of any B. L. S. subject. . . .

—Rowdy-dow . . .!

# ALUMNI NOTES

At this time of year, the various colleges announce their ranking scholars and as usual there are many Latin schoolboys at the top.

From Holy Cross we learn that John J. P. Wilkas, '36, stands high in the junior class. At M. I. T., Stanley Backer, '37, made the dean's list. Saul J. Katz, '37, was ranked in the highest fifty of his class at the Wharton School (Finance and Commerce) of the University of Pennsylvania. Robert M. Simon, '35, Frederick Bloom, '36, and Arthur H. Cooper, attained Dean's list ranking at Brown University. . . . M. W. Bullock, '36, is a high ranking scholar at Bowdoin College. Next year he will probably be a candidate for the Rhodes scholarship. His field is the classics. . . . Paul M. Reiser, '37, was on the Dean's list at the University of Vermont in the second semester of last year. . . . The following Latin School boys were elected to Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard: Elliot L. Sagall, '35, Albert Cohen, '35, and Harry Pollard, '35. Harvard also announced that J. H. White, '34, received upon his graduation last June a fellowship for travel and study abroad. Lester Murphy, '38, received a Murphy scholarship at Harvard this year. . . . Robert Vantine, '37, has been on the Dean's list at Norwich since his entrance. . . . At Boston College, Richard E. Stiles, '38, was ranked as the third highest student in the Freshman class. . . . Francis L. Colpoys, C. G. Pappas, Charles A. Donovan, Saul Zusman, and Robert La Marche, all members of last year's class, were placed on the Dean's list. John Bulman, Wm. E. Riley, and R. W. Alman also made the dean's list from the non-honors division. Robert C. McManamy, '38, was the only member of the history course to make the Dean's list. William Goulding, '37, who played such a splendid Hamlet last year, will play Philotus, a poet, in Boston College's presentation of Shakes-

peare's previously unplayed drama, "Timon of Athens." George V. Gallagher, '36, is a prominent debater at B. C. He is also a member of the Economics Academy.

Another great Latin School tradition has been carried on at University Heights, that of the Moore family. The three Moore brothers, Gerving, Fred, and Paul, have all attended B. L. S. and matriculated at Boston College while they have all captained the hockey team. Gerry is now a sportswriter for the Boston Globe. Fred, '32, has passed his first test for a pilot's license in the Naval Air Corps, and has been transferred from Penansacola, Florida, to Langley Field, Texas, Paul, '36, is the present leader of the Eagle ice force.

Delving into the history of the class of 1925, we find that we have two members of that class on our faculty. Mr. Robert F. O'Brien and Mr. Wilfred O'Leary, both Boston College, '29, are the two gentlemen. The History of the "14 year outers" is very interesting. Dr. Everett Donaghey was captain of the Harvard football team in his student days, and is now a practicing physician in Newton. He is also a member of the staff of the Newton Community Hospital. James A. Herbert received his A.B. from Dartmouth and his law degree from Harvard. He gained widespread fame not long ago in winning a case of national prominence before the United States circuit court of Appeals.

Henry I. Parks, '29, is manager of the Employers Liability office in Philadelphia. Leo P. O'Keeffe, Boston College, '29, is a member of the Jesuit Order in Weston. Sumner B. Myers graduated from Harvard in 1929, where he received a Phi Beta Kappa key. He is now a Mathematics professor at Princeton.

Lawrence M. Meyers continued his studies at Princeton. He is a member of

the New Hampshire State Planning Board. He spoke at M. I. T. recently. To borrow a term from the stage, he made quite a "hit."

John E. Hartnett is another member of this class who went to Harvard and Harvard Law. He is now connected with Guston, Snow, Saltonstall, and Hunt. Dr. L. Burton Benjamin received his A.B. from Harvard and his M.D. from the medical school of the same university. He is now a physician and surgeon in Weymouth. Carl Seltzer is a professor of Anthropology at Harvard, his Alma Mater. He is engaged in some very absorbing research.

Joseph F. Birmingham matriculated at

Boston College. He is connected with the First National Bank. . . .

The N. Y. Herald Tribune pays high tribute to E. Arthur Baldwin, for four years president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris. Mr. Baldwin, a B. L. S. alumnus, has been decorated by the French government with the Order of the Legion of Honor. Mr. Baldwin is renowned as an international economist and for many years was connected with the labor office of the League of Nations. His activities in promoting Franco-American trade relations has earned him the gratitude of the French nation.

*John Ryan, Jr., '39*

## PURPLE PLATFORMS

*Rand Manning, '41*

Purple Platforms became covered with snow during the last blizzard so lets go out with a shovel and see what we can scoop up.

BACKSTAGE: We saw our last month's scoop come true as we watched the Dramatics Club members having their first smell of grease-paint as they prepared for the presentation of "A Christmas Carol," at the December twenty-third assembly. We met Miss Valerie Saving, editor of the "Jabberwock," the Girls' Latin School magazine, who played Mrs. Cratchit, and Miss Bernice Lewis, also of G. L. S., who so excellently portrayed the queen in last year's great success, "Hamlet," and who played Martha in this production. Add members: Frank Grenier of class one as Bob Cratchit, William Philbrick as Ebenezer Scrooge, and Pedro Urbina of class four as Tiny Tim. The lighting effects were in charge of Francis Sidlauskas of class two. The fellow who made the curtain speech as author wishes to thank Mr. M. F. Russo who directed the production and does so here as author of Purple Platforms,

THANKS.

XMAS PRESENT: To hold lower classmen in their seats after the second showing of the above mentioned play, Mr. W. H. Marnell (self-termed "human comma" as master of ceremonies for the day) announced that Santa Claus had left a present. It was of course the Charles E. W. Grinnell Memorial Award for the boy who possessed a balanced average in Scholarship, Self-adjustment, and School Spirit yet it might well have been left by the ruddy bewhiskered gentleman because the donor of the Grinnell Award remains anonymous. Robert J. P. Donlan of Class One received the award.

VIVE LA FRANCE: One of the topmost clubs in B. L. S. is M. Levine's "Le Cercle Français." After all they are on the topmost floor, holding forth in 301. A Frenchman would have wept if he had been present at a meeting a short while ago. They sang the "Marseillaise," "Allons enfants de l'école, Allons au cercle français." After the flood of Gallic tears an address was rendered during which

discourse the origin of the famous French war-whoop was discussed. Then to occupy those who knew the words Cross-word puzzles were begun. And they say Napoleon was ambitious!

FILM FIELD DAY: The sponsors of the "Sport Show" must have been very pleased at the fine turn-out of fans as they presented highlights in sports and fun. Divided into two parts, Mr. Dunn reeled off two newsreels, four comedies and two feature sport shorts. One of the sport showings was a Hockey special starring the Boston Bruins. And that reminds us to get the field glasses trained on our own B. L. S. squad.

Still shovelling the platforms off we find the English Club banked under two editions of non-mention. Here is what has the chance of being the greatest organization in school. Every Friday afternoon in Mr. Sands' 214, meetings are held. During this time the genial master offers aid to any boy in his work in English

which aid is one of those things so liable to slip by unsung because they ask only to help the boys and shy publicity.

CLUB KEYHOLES: So deluged with wizards of the checkered boards (sometimes Chess and sometimes No) Mr. McGuffin has had to adopt a system. One day for his champs and one for those who play for fun. . . . Having heard a talk on Conrad and his works the Literary Club's next is on Stevenson. . . . The History Club held elections in December and hasn't had chance to get under way. . . . The Debating Club has convinced us that the "Facist Penetration of South America" makes a very, very grave situation (to discuss). . . . By the way the obo and bassoon players, who have a monopoly on the Daily Bulletin, needn't go to rehearsal for a while. . . . And thus having dusted the winter snow from our Purple Platforms we saunter within, leaving the Purple and White to the Future.

## QUIZ ANSWERS

### ANSWERS

1. 1785 (150 years)
2. 1931
3. The Pirates of Penzance
4. It has no motto
5. 11
6. Mathematics
7. 1 (Benjamin Franklin)
8. Discobolus
9. 7,000
10. 787,000

### MARKING TABLE

- 100—sapiens
- 90—excellens
- 80—peritus
- 70—bonus
- 60—mediocris
- 50—vix!
- 40—nescius
- 30—inscius
- 20—stultus
- 10—vacuus
- 0—sine spe!

*Henry Aronson, '39*

## RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Nov. 8. Overheard in a Latin class:

Mr. Cray: "What is the definition of a snake?"

Vergilite: "A slimy length of animated rope."

Nov. 10. Teacher: "When may the translation of this word be omitted?"

Student: "When a pupil doesn't know the meaning."

Nov. 14. Mr. Shea: "What's the formula for water?"

Student: " $H_2O$ ".

Mr. Shea: "Right. Now tell me the formula for sea water?"

Student: " $CH_2O$ ".

Nov. 15. Famous last remark:

"But Sir, I know what I'm talking about."

Nov. 16. Of all teams to beat us, it had to be Commerce. Our oldest resident could not remember a similar happening.

Nov. 17. Russell Robinson, our editor-in chief, was elected President of the senior class.

Fired with patriotic fervor, we gathered with our confreres in the hall to practice cheering and singing. Glee club, here we come!

Nov. 18. While the Aviation club lapsed into a discussion of wingspreads, balsa, fuselages, and dihedral angles, the R.R.R. lapsed into slumber and so can-

not explain any of these high sounding names.

Nov. 22. Heard somewhere or other as definitions:

Assembly—A chance to rest before a hectic day.

Lunchroom—legalized warfare.

Corridor Patrol—A respectable way to stand on a corner.

Nov. 23. As usual, lessons will be assigned—\*/—†

Reprieve: No longer will Caesar boldly stare down visions of turkey on Thanksgiving. Thank you, Superintendent Gould.

Nov. 24. Latin's stalwarts of the gridiron, because of unforeseen opposition, did not live up to expectations, while it must be admitted the Blue and Blue had their points—at least enough to win.

Nov. 29. Report cards made a rosy appearance today.

Announcement appeared today of opportunity classes.

Youngsters of the lower depths, Opportunity knocks but once.—GIT.

Nov. 30. Will someone please set us right on these two? Is the Classical club, the Latin club or is the Camera club the Photographic society?

Dec. 1. Today the R.R.R. purchased (on credit) a pair of earlaps and reported as a candidate for the hockey team. Statistics: 300 reported, 90 for hockey, 210 for track. Of these, three were ineligible, 100 were onlookers.

Mr. Fitzgerald is looking for some swimmers for the hockey team.

Dec. 2. A large number of students were on hand in the evening to see the girls of our sister school debate.

Dec. 4. Every day that the hockey candidates bring their equipment to school, the ice thaws.

Dec. 5. This from Bill Philbrick:

B. Philbrick: "I ran into a friend today."

R. R. R.: "Was he glad to see you?"

B. P.: "He was not. I ruined his bumper."

Dec. 6. Class I meeting in the Hall. Class I received news of the added financial burden of rings and pictures. The pictures shown in the History club would have been better if they hadn't been run backwards.

Dec. 7. It is a common occurrence to run across Sarjeant discussing corporal punishment in private (or else things in general).

Dec. 8. I suppose yesterday's item is rank, eh?

Mr. Levine has been hinting that someone should mention Le Cercle Francais, so we are glad to announce the French club met today.

Dec. 9. Teacher: "What's the similarity between bene and male?"

Brightser: "Both have four letters, and both begin with a consonant and end with a vowel."

Teacher: "That's right. And your mark not only begins with a consonant and ends with a vowel, but is a vowel."

Dec. 12. Hustling Willie Shue didn't seem too happy when he planked his size

"nines" on Mr. Faxon's tender foot.

Dec. 13. Howell, walking down the corridor in a cheerful mood, playfully socked the arm of a young man, who turned out to be Mr. Gordon. When the dismayed "Jake" explained, Mr. Gordon thanked him for the compliment. . . . Did you know that the first jig-saw puzzle in history is described in the Aeneid, Book III 441 ff? You didn't? You will.

Dec. 15. Heard in the history period: "Gee, that purchase sure puts Louisiana on the map." There was a fine show in the hall after school, movies reviewing the sports and the newsreels of the past year.

Dec. 16. Heavy sweaters are banned from the classroom, but what constitutes a heavy sweater? Lewis would have liked to know. Mr. Gardner would have liked Lewis to find out. Lewis and Mr. Gardner compromised. Lewis no longer wears his green sweater to class.

Dec. 19. The literary staff of the *Register* met today. Donlan is the new editor-in-chief.

R. R. R.

## EXCHANGES

With this issue *The Register* revives its Exchange Department. The exchanges have been drifting in rather slowly so far. However, we hope next month to be on our way.

Here is a rather interesting poem taken from the "Spectator" of the Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge:

### CYCLE

A birth, a life, a pinch of dust—  
Is man.  
A rock, a rod, a chunk of rust—  
Is iron.  
A thought, a pen, a group of words—  
Is rhyme.  
An hour, a day, a fleeting year—  
Is time.

A plain, a field of fertile earth—  
Is sod.  
A mind, a faith, an unseen force—  
Is God.

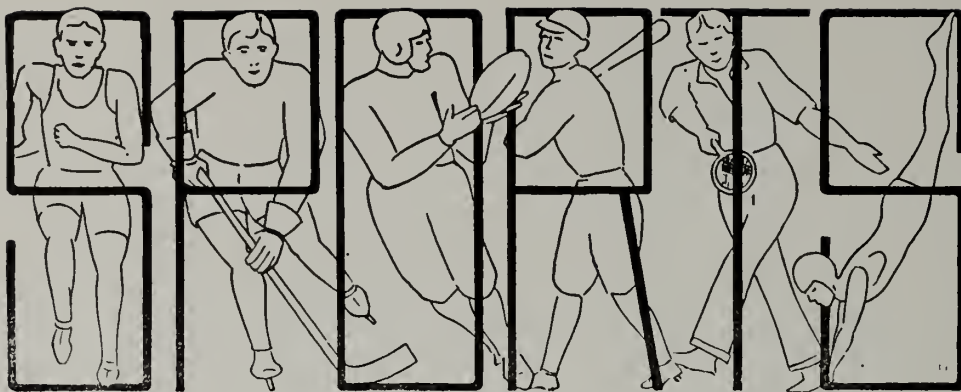
An interesting bit of information concerning girls is found in the Brighton High School "Imp."

We have this year another aspirant for poetic honors, Dr. Foo Ling Yu, who diffidently offered us the following gem:

### GIRL

Girl are that  
Which put on paint,  
For make her look  
Like what she ain't.

William A. Shue, '39



## HOCKEY COMES TO B.L.S.

The announcement, that, this year hockey is to be included in the athletic program of the Boston Public Schools, was enthusiastically greeted in B. L. S. At the first meeting of the team nearly 60 boys reported, and this number has not substantially dwindled in the ensuing practice periods. Mr. Fitzgerald will coach this sport also. Training during the first few weeks, has been confined to floor hockey in the school gym and a few sessions at Turner's Pond, Milton and the Arena.

The latest locker-room rumors have it that we may expect a great season for the team, although a fairly tough schedule has been arranged. The first game will be with Memorial on Jan. 5. The others, in order, will be Commerce, Dorchester, Mechanic Arts and the season will be closed, according to our athletic traditions, with English High School.

Although it is really too early in the season to note the stars, your scribe has seen several players worthy of mention, including Lawson, Radley, Higgins, O'Hare, Sarnie, Mulhern, Kelly, Brennan, McCarthy and Robinson. Don Foley, a well-known member of class I, has been appointed manager by Coach Fitzgerald.

If we may draw any conclusions from the success of the Latin School independ-

ent team of last year, "The Classics," we may feel assured that our officially sponsored team of this year will cut new laurels for B. L. S. on the Arena ice. So, let us all be there when the games start and cheer our boys on to victory.

*R. G. Leonard*

### B. L. S. Hockey Schedule

Jan. 5, 1939—Latin vs. Memorial  
Jan. 19, 1939—Latin vs. Commerce  
Feb. 2, 1939—Latin vs. Dorchester  
Feb. 16, 1939—Latin vs. Mechanics  
During Feb. Vacation (indefinite)

Latin vs. English High

### TRACK SCHEDULE

1939

Jan. 12—Latin-Commerce-Trade  
Jan. 20—Latin-Memorial-Commerce  
Jan. 21—Y. M. C. A. Meet  
Jan. 27—Latin-Mechanics-Trade  
Jan. 28—N. E. & K. of C. meets  
Feb. 3—Latin-Commerce-Trade-Dorchester  
Feb. 8—Relay Carnival  
Feb. 11—Eastern Seaboard and B. A. A. events  
Feb. 13—District field events  
Feb. 18—Latin vs. English  
Feb. 28—District Trials  
Feb. 28—State Meet  
Feb. 29—Regimental field events  
Mar. 1—Regimental Trials (hurdles)  
Mar. 12—Regimental Trials (dash)  
Mar. 14—Regimental Meet

# A TRIBUTE TO SPORTSMANSHIP

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THE ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL

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MONTGOMERY STREET  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

November 30, 1938

Mr. Joseph L. Powers,  
Public Latin School,  
Boston, Mass.  
My dear Mr. Powers:

In behalf of the boys of this school, and particularly of the football team, let me express appreciation for the sportsman-like act of your football team during the English-Latin game on Thanksgiving morning.

As our Captain, Vincent Hickey, was being carried from the field because of injury to his knee, your team asked for time out and gave a cheer for Hickey. Our Captain will never forget that moment, and the school simply added this to the other fine things that have happened during these games, which cement even closer the traditional ties of these two schools.

We are rivals in athletics, sportsmen throughout, but friends, we hope, to the end of the rivalry, if that ever comes.

Very truly yours,

WALTER F. DOWNEY

# LET'S CALL IT



## QUIPS

From the "Bostonian" (Roxbury Memorial High School for Boys) we give you some quips—

Gentlemen farmers are those who seldom raise anything except their hats.

"I'm jest writin' Paw that you're sick. Does cemetery begin with a *c* or an *s*?"

The economical baby puts its toes in its mouth to make both ends meet.

To the school magazines that have contributed to this column we extend our sincere thanks and hope that by next month this column will be well on its way.

### IN PHYSICS CLASS

Teacher: "Can you give me an example of wasted energy?"

Class Wit: "Yes, sir; telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man."

### ADVICE TO B. L. S. SENIORS

When a girl looks sweet enough to eat, don't give her the chance.

### WELL-KNOWN AT B. L. S.

This worthy never borrows—

Except your fountain pen;

And when—and if—he gives it back

It never writes again.

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

The human brain is a wonderful organ. It starts working when we get up in the morning and doesn't stop until we get to school.

### B. L. S. QUATRAIN

Daily little zeros,

Formed by teacher's hand,

Make the little students

Flunk to beat the band.

Soph: "What a sad looking store!"

Frosh: "Why? Because it has panes in the window?"

Soph: "No, the books are in tiers."

Frosh: "I hear Billie was thrown out of college for cribbing."

Soph: "Yep."

Frosh: "What happened?"

Soph: "He sneezed while he was taking an exam in Russian, and they threw him out for conjugating a verb."

---

"Do you know that Smith is barely able to read and write?" said Brown.

"That so?" said Jones, "What college did he graduate from?"

Master, teaching Class VI boys to multiply:

"If I cut a piece of meat and a vegetable into eight parts, what would I have?"

Smith, (class shark and clown: "Eighths."

Master, "Twenty-four pieces?"

Smith, "Hash! Served every Tuesday, seven cents."

---

Problem (for Mathematicians only)

"If you stand facing the south, what's on your left hand?"

Answer: "Four fingers and a thumb."

---

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# NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

## DAY DIVISION

### College of Liberal Arts

Offers a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. The purpose of this program is to give the student a liberal and cultural education and a vocational competence which fits him to enter some specific type of useful employment.

### College of Business Administration

Offers a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with specialization in ACCOUNTING, BANKING AND FINANCE, or BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. Instruction is through lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, motion pictures and talks by business men.

### College of Engineering

Provides complete college programs in Engineering with professional courses in the fields of CIVIL, MECHANICAL (WITH DIESEL, AERONAUTICAL, AND AIR CONDITIONING OPTIONS), ELECTRICAL, CHEMICAL, INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING, and ENGINEERING ADMINISTRATION. Students select, at the beginning of the sophomore year, the course in which they intend to specialize.

### Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. Upperclassmen earn a portion of their school expenses and make business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

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Director of Admissions

Boston, Massachusetts

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